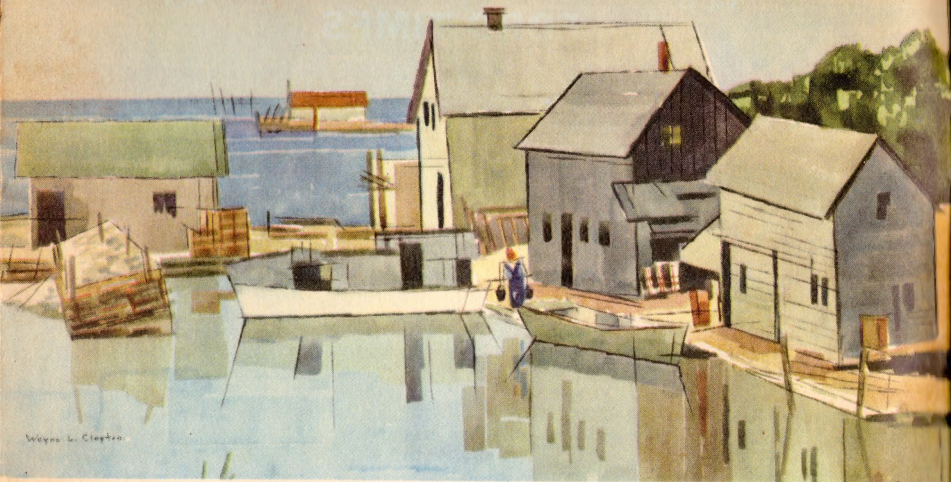


FORD TIMES

august 1953





painting by Wayne Claxton

THE commercial fishing that was once foremost on Wisconsin's Door Peninsula has yielded its pre-eminence to other industries: shipbuilding, tourists and pie-cherries, in that order. Yet there are still scenes like this to tug at the heart of a visiting landlubber. If he's an early riser he can watch the fleet unload its catch, and if he wants to try his own rod, a charter boat will take him out to deep water in Green Bay or Lake Michigan, with a catch of perch or pike or bass practically guaranteed.

Wayne Claxton painted this watercolor of Weborg's Dock at Gills Rock on the tip of the peninsula—an orderly disorder of sheds, boats, nets and gear, worn smooth and gray by weather and use. For other aspects of this famous midwestern resort area, and for more watercolors by Mr. Claxton, see "Door County," by Mary Zimmer, on page 19. ■

FORD TIMES

August, 1953

Contents

Milford, New Hampshire.....	2
WELDON F. HEALD	
Hawaii by Automobile.....	10
MARY RICHARDS	
Custom Conversions.....	16
BURGESS H. SCOTT	
Door County.....	19
MARY ZIMMER	
Block Island.....	27
FRED ZIMMER	
Michigan's Outboard Marathon.....	34
STANLEY H. BRAMS	
Ol' Man Opera.....	40
ROBERT HODESH	
Children's Fishing Rodeo.....	44
TWILA CARMAN	
Ford Engines Groom the Roads.....	49
"High Degrees" at the University of Wyoming.....	51
ALLAN CARPENTER	
Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns..	57

One-Picture Story—9; Americamera—14, 25, 55; An American Road - in the Pacific Northwest—32; Cartoon—48; Game—62; Letters—64.

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My Tom Sawyer Town—

MILFORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

by Weldon F. Heald

paintings by Ward Cruickshank II

WHEN I was a boy the Milford Board of Trade, in an excess of civic zeal, erected a big sign by the state road on the east side of town. It read: YOU ARE ENTERING MILFORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE, A GOOD COMMUNITY TO LIVE IN. Nobody noticed that it was on the edge of the cemetery until a smart photographer took a picture of the sign with a background of gravestones and published it in the *Boston Post*. The sign promptly disappeared and right-thinking Milfordians never alluded to it afterwards. But others did—frequently.

However, this short-lived slogan was literally true. Milford *was* a good community in which to live—especially for us kids. And inasmuch as its population has remained stationary at around four thousand since I first opened my eyes there, I like to believe that today the trees are as green, the snows as deep, and the surrounding hills, woods, brooks and ponds as exciting as they used to be. In fact, I think of Milford as one place where my memories have not been buried by snorting bulldozers under superhighways, airports, television towers, glass-walled houses, and supervised playgrounds, and I fondly delude myself that I could go back and find things exactly as they were when I last saw them at the age of fourteen.

If this is not simply wishful thinking, someday I will return to a quiet community of white houses cupped among peaceful

Above right: A long line of kids dashing into town on bicycles.

Below right: Open meadows stretching to Pack Monadnock.



The Souhegan River, flowing over its low dam→

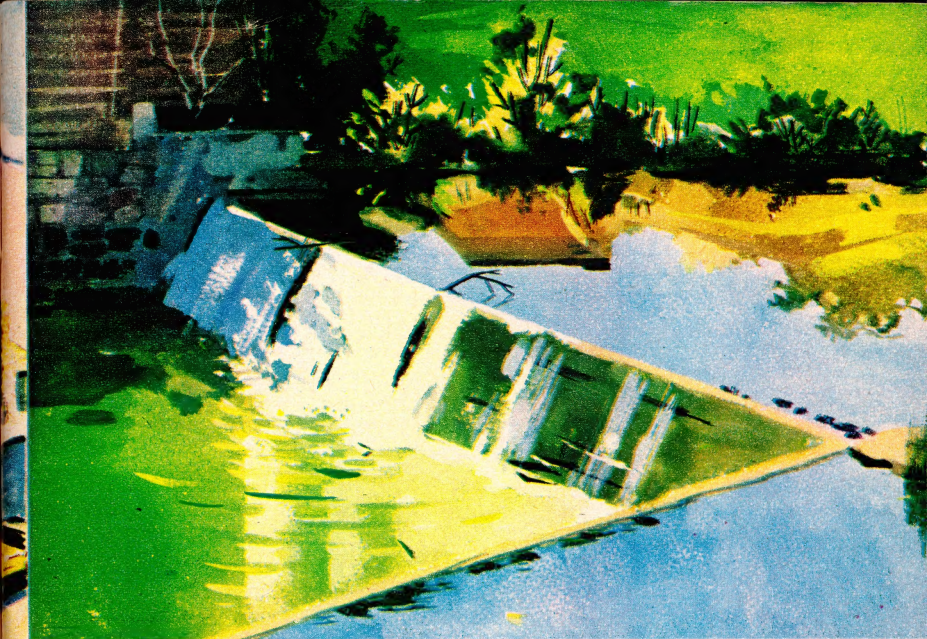
green hills. The Souhegan River, bisecting the town, will still be making soft, cool music as it flows over the old mill dam below the bridge. Enticing country roads will still be winding through tunnels of white-stemmed birches, maples, hemlocks and pines to pleasant little lakes tucked away among wooded hills. I will see the lush, open meadows of the Intervale stretching westward to the rounded twin domes of Pack Monadnock, and on their tops the blueberries will be as sweet and the spruces as pointed as they used to be. There I will look out once again over a land that is friendly, settled and comfortable, yet one that has never lost its close ties with nature. These people, I will tell myself, are still in touch with the animals, trees, flowers and all the fascinating activities of the God-made world around them.

Such an environment, I submit, is a paradise for youngsters—and grownups too. I hope I am right in assuming that it still exists.

Although I was born in Milford, business called my family to the city when I was a year old, and I returned only for summers, Christmas vacations, and for a period of two years when I was twelve to fourteen. So it was always for me a glamorous field for carefree adventure, heightened by never becoming completely familiar or commonplace. Furthermore, I never fully outgrew the stigma of being a "city kid" to the Milford boys; perhaps not quite a sissy, but certainly made of softer stuff than the unyielding New Hampshire granite from whence they were hewn. As I look back, I can see that the lowly esteem in which I was held added a stimulating fillip to my visits, for I was constantly being challenged to perform feats which would prove myself worthy of being accepted as an equal. But I never quite achieved it. Not even the day I jumped off the thirty-foot cliff into the spring-fed pond at the old Lovejoy Quarry—scared to death and holding my nose so hard it hurt for a week—was I really admitted to the inner circle. But such acts helped to bring me a sort of workable surface equality with the Milford boys, and what standing I had was proudly earned on my own the hard way. This is one of the best things that can happen to a boy.

I can still feel the thrill of being one of a long line of kids dashing into town on bicycles and madly pumping single file

The spring-fed pond at the old Lovejoy Quarry→



The cool, dark, sawdust-filled icehouses→

round and round The Oval, jangling bells informing Milford citizens that it is a fine thing to be young. Bicycles, which we called "wheels," were to us what a cayuse is to a cowboy, and they lay upon our front lawns ready to be mounted at a moment's notice.

Each summer afternoon the bicycle parade headed out Elm Street for the swimming hole in the Souhegan, located on a willow-fringed bend among the meadows of the Intervale. The first time I asked permission to go along, my father said:

"All right, son, but use your head."

My mother looked at him in consternation.

"Frank, you're not going to allow your child to go with those boys! He can't swim. He'll be drowned!"

"He'll have to learn someday, and that's the way I did it," my father said mildly. And I raced out before he changed his mind.

The first time I swam across the river a week later, I went under twice and saw the bright, translucent water close over me. But I thrashed through somehow and arrived gasping and choking on the farther bank, triumphant. At the end of that summer we kids, demurely clad in unfamiliar bathing suits, held a sort of aquacade for our parents to demonstrate our amphibian abilities. But what my mother went through on those long afternoons while I was learning to swim, I will never know.

If there is any juvenile delinquency in Milford today, the place must have changed greatly. For there were always so many fascinating things to do and places to explore that we got little time for hell-raising. We had picnics at Baboosic and Potanipo lakes, with hide and seek in the cool, dark, sawdust-filled icehouses. We made nutting forays—yes, there were still some chestnut trees then—ending in a feast of roasted chestnuts over an open fire. There was "punging" over icy winter roads and snowshoe trips through quiet white woods and over gleaming fields, fishing for pickerel through the ice and skating in the frosty moonlight up the river. Spring brought sugaring-off parties among the maple groves. And between times and all the time there were impromptu games which started spontaneously whenever two or three boys got together. My favorite was Duck-on-the-Rock, but I cannot believe that it

The hills and woods and fields of Milford→



was because we generously included the girls on this one.

In those days the only organized activity I can remember was the Knights of King Arthur. It was started by the Congregational minister, who loved four things devotedly—boys, the outdoors, sports, and God. A finer man I never met and he was certainly the only person I have known who could make baseball and religion equally interesting at the same time. We were tapped for the Knights of King Arthur, like Yale's Skull-and-Bonesmen, and I couldn't sleep for excitement the night I received the bid. After the initiation the Reverend asked me what name I would take.

"Sir Leopold," I answered promptly. He looked surprised. "Which one?"

"The Austrian one," I said.

"Unless he means a great deal to you, wouldn't it be better to take the name of a great character or hero whom you specially admire?" he asked kindly.

"Leopold means a lot to me," I maintained stoutly.

Actually I had only the vaguest notion who he was, except that I had been greatly impressed by a statue of Leopold astride a gigantic horse. But I had committed myself and couldn't retreat. So as Sir Leopold, I proudly wore my red sweater emblazoned with K O K A in bold white letters across my chest, and henceforth was united in the bonds with such noble characters as Sir Washington, Sir Lincoln, and Sir Edison.

And so it was in Milford that I learned about the wonders of nature, the vagaries of human nature, including my own, and a great many other things. For instance, I even learned a little bit about women.

One evening the last year there, my particular friend Evan and I took fair Katherine to the movies. We hadn't planned it that way—it just happened—and I now know the lady had more to do with the coincidence than we did. She nestled warmly between us and sitting beside her in the darkened theater was an unexpectedly stimulating experience. I suddenly found I was holding her hand. But when the lights went up I discovered Evan in possession of her other hand and he had what I thought a disgustingly fatuous expression on his face.

Disillusionment in Paradise!

But such things are the lot of man everywhere. So I keep Milford in memory as my ideal, untarnished Tom Sawyer Town. I'm going back there some day. I hope I am not disappointed.



photograph by Hal Howard

Official Tribal Car— a one-picture story

THE “hogan” and the Ford shown in this photograph are a familiar sight at Window Rock, in the northeastern corner of Arizona. The building is the Navajo Tribal Council House, constructed of native pink sandstone and facing east, as Navajo legend and ritual decree. Here seventy-four delegates meet quarterly to enact legislation for 75,000 Navajos. They come from all parts of the 15,000,000-acre reservation, by horse, car, truck, or pickup. Many of them wear their hair long and speak no English—only Navajo. Visitors are welcome at legislative sessions, which are conducted in both languages.

The Ford is one of the official tribal cars, used to transport visiting dignitaries. Fords are preferred here because of their ability to take the punishment of the reservation's rough, unpaved roads. Even so, note that this one wears white side-walls on its front wheels only; mud grips are necessary at the rear to get through the sand, mud, snow and ice. ■

Hawaii by Automobile

by Mary Richards

photographs by Irving Rosen

FIFTEEN times since 1903 the Territory of Hawaii has petitioned Congress for statehood. This year she may succeed. If she does, Americans—Mainlanders, that is, for Hawaiians are quick to remind you that they, too, are Americans—will have the novelty of exploring a brand new state for the first time since Arizona and New Mexico were admitted in 1912. But for purposes of their vacations, the question of statehood is not critical. As a U.S. territory, Hawaii already offers Mainlanders all the enchantments of a foreign land, with none of the disadvantages.

No passport is required. You do not have to be vaccinated. There are no customs duties and no immigration restrictions. The language is English, except for soft, expressive Hawaiian catchwords that are fun to learn. Familiar American institutions, like superdrugstores and good coffee, are there for your convenience and comfort. And Hawaii has roads that are built to American standards.

There was a time when a Mainlander was content to tie himself to an American-plan hotel in Honolulu and bask away his vacation in the sun and surf of Waikiki. For some this is still the be-all and end-all of a Hawaiian vacation, and there's some merit in their thinking. But more and more visitors are arriving forearmed with the knowledge that five of Hawaii's eight principal islands are in a state of perpetual and gracious open house. And these visitors are intent on doing their sightseeing in the manner to which they are accustomed—by private automobile.

You can ship a Ford from San Francisco or Los Angeles to Honolulu for \$225 to \$250 each way. Shipping rates between Island ports are uniform; for the average Ford the one-way rate from Honolulu to the islands of Kauai, Molokai, Maui

*Above right: Nuuanu Pali, a mountain pass six miles from Honolulu.
Below right: On the Aiea Hospital Road, overlooking Pearl Harbor.*



Lei sellers on Airport Road offer their wares from thatched huts→

or Hawaii is \$38.05; the round trip rate, good for thirty days, is \$46.23. If you plan to stay several months or a year you may want to bring your own car. Otherwise, best do your island-hopping by plane or boat, and rent a car as you need one. Regular gasoline costs 32.5 cents a gallon; Ethyl costs 34.6 cents. You can drive on your home-state license for ninety days.

Late-model cars are available on short notice on all five islands. Rentals vary from \$6 to \$11 a day—higher for a convertible, the deluxe vehicle for seeing a land where the temperature never strays far from seventy-five degrees and rainfall patterns are well established. There's an additional charge of ten to twelve cents per mile. Some agencies allow the first fifty miles free. Weekly rates are a little lower.

On Oahu you'll find a car convenient for covering the rather extensive distances within the limits of Honolulu, and it's certainly the pleasantest way to see the island's high mountains, picturesque valleys, and sugar and pineapple plantations. Kauai, the "Garden Island," is a bit of old Hawaii; your massive, shining automobile will be in striking contrast to the surroundings. Here there's trout fishing in the mountains, and deep-sea fishing with catches guaranteed by Hawaiian skippers.

On Hawaii, the "Big Island," you'll see tropical jungles, fern tree forests, orchids unlimited, and the two active volcanoes, Mauna Loa and Kilauea, in Hawaii National Park. There are vast sugar plantations, and the second-largest cattle ranch in the United States. On Molokai, the "Friendly Island," there's deep sea fishing for swordfish, tuna, dolphin, mackerel, pompano, bonito. On Maui, the "Valley Island," you'll want to see the enormous banyan tree at Lahaina, and Haleakala ("House of the Sun"), a dormant volcano with a crater big enough to swallow Manhattan.

Sightseeing busses go to most of these attractions, and to many others. If you can't see the Islands any other way, climb aboard! But if you can bring or rent a private car you'll see more, and, unlike the bus, your car will wait patiently while you ski on the slopes of Mauna Kea, or romp on the black sands at Kalapana, or sit at the rim road in the pre-dawn mist to watch the sun come home to Haleakala. ■

Cruises, whether for glamor or fishing, start at the Yacht Harbor→



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New Road to Alaska's Kenai

story and photographs by Bob and Ira Spring

FOR many years the Kenai Peninsula—that ragged mitten of land on Alaska's southern coastline—has been a seventh heaven for big-game hunters and big-fish anglers. But it was strictly in the luxury bracket, for it was accessible only by airplane or boat. Now there's a highway linking it with the rest of Alaska, and opening it to anyone with an automobile.

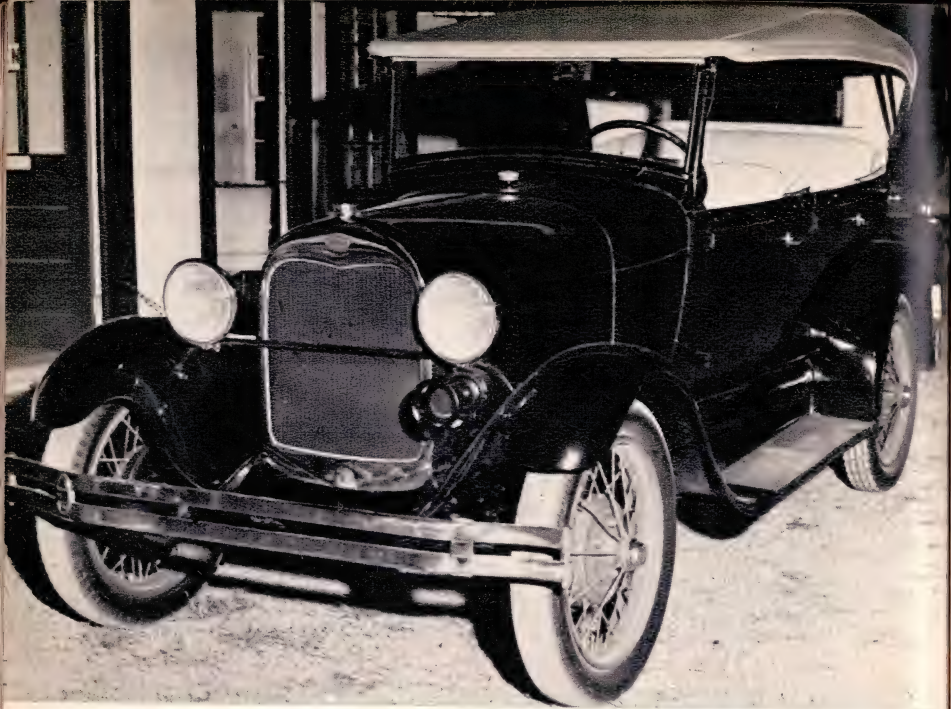
From Anchorage the new Sterling Highway cuts around Turnagain Arm (*above right*), swings westward across the two-million-acre National Moose Range, then southward along the coast to the town of Homer. Dall sheep, mountain goats and black bears are always visible from the highway; giant Alaska brown bears and grizzlies can be seen by making a little more effort. Within the Range the great Kenai moose wander about unconcernedly.

Fishing is excellent. A favorite spot for rainbow fishermen is the mouth of the Russian River where it's joined by the Kenai, whose waters are a light, opaque blue because of their load of glacial silt (*below right*). The peninsula's thirty-inch ocean-going rainbows are famous, and along the coast there's salmon fishing, and netting for the four-foot king crab.

One of the biggest thrills of the Sterling Highway is the sense of exploring newly-opened country. Its scenery is dominated by green-clad mountains topped with ice, and deep fjord-like inlets. Its villages are a mixture of log houses and Russian Orthodox churches with turnip-topped towers. Accommodations are rather scanty, but there are some good, comfortable resorts. Campsites are available.

Homer is the end link of the long chain back to the workaday and the prosaic. Moose graze within the city limits, and wildlife in general is so plentiful that the citizens have found it necessary to warn newcomers, via a note on the post office bulletin board, that "Our black goats grazing on the hillside above town are *not* bear!"





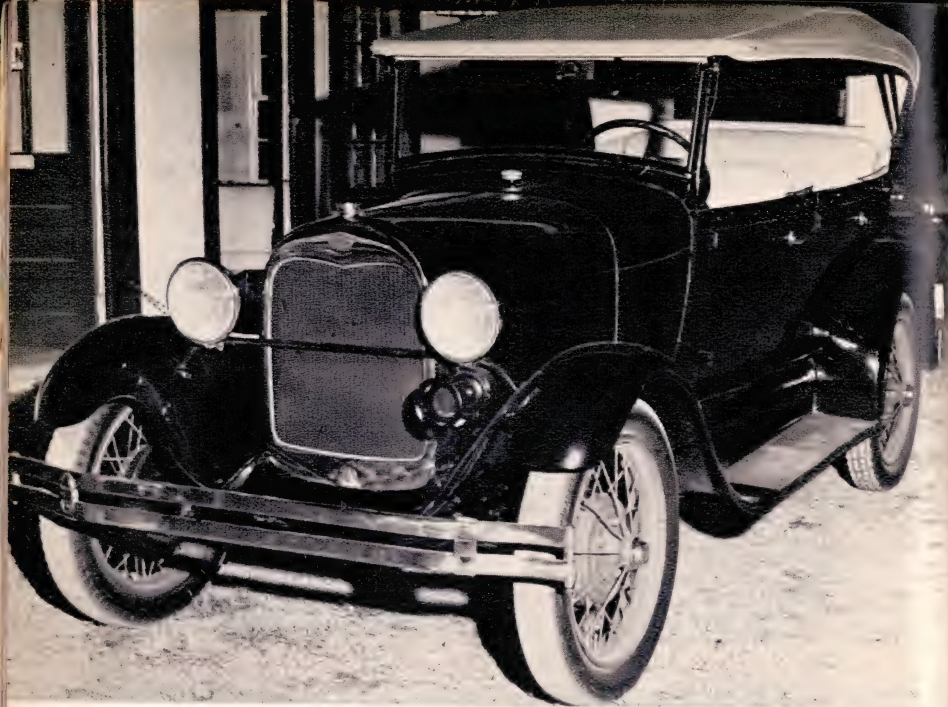
CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

Oldsters again on the Roads

by Burgess H. Scott

IN the fall of last year J. H. Alexander of Prichard, Alabama, bought a 1929 Model A touring car which, after considerable work, he restored to the excellent condition shown in the photograph above. He dismantled the body and fenders and virtually rebuilt the car, either repairing the various members or replacing them with genuine Ford parts.

The original paint was removed down to the metal to make way for the present lustrous black lacquer paint job. The wire wheels were painted red and all chrome work was re-chromed. Alexander's only departure from the original was with the upholstery and top. The old black leatherette upholstery was



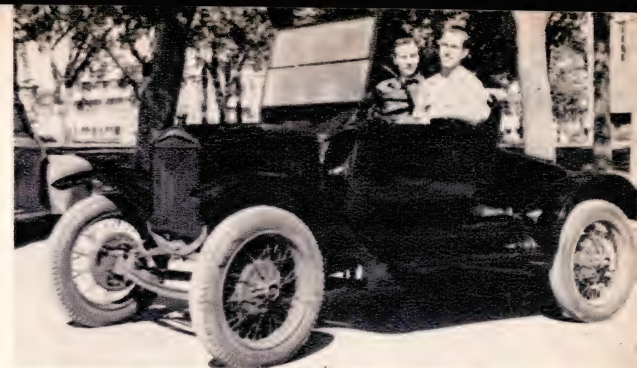
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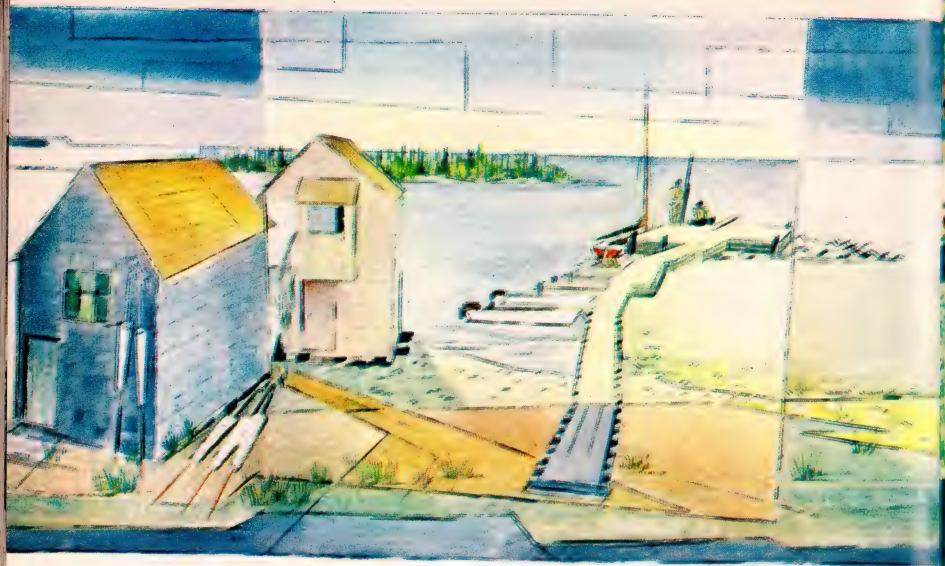
replaced with new gray, weather-resistant plastic, and the same material was used for the door panels. The top was fashioned from current Ford convertible top fabric, in which a large rear window was left for better visibility.

All of his work was on the body, as the engine required only minor tuning and adjustment. The restoration cost \$600, and Alexander now values his shiny Model A at \$1,000.

Joe Piper of Corydon, Iowa, used three generations of Fords in building the roadster pictured above. The body and frame are 1923 Model T, the 21-inch wheels are from a Model A, and the 60 hp V-8 engine, front end, transmission, and differential are from a 1937 Ford. The car can do 85 mph easily and delivers up to 25 miles per gallon.

Before Richard A. Adams of McHenry, Illinois, went into the Navy he built the little 900-pound roadster shown below. Starting with the frame of a midget car, he installed a 1946 Mercury engine, a 1936 Ford transmission, a cut-down 1936 Ford rear end, and a 1937 Ford radiator, shortened six inches. The hood is 1935 Ford and the rest of the body was hand-made. He reports an easy 90 mph. ■





DOOR COUNTY

by Mary Zimmer

paintings by Wayne Claxton

FOR a vacation area there is a certain advantage in not being on the road to anywhere else. That way nobody is just passing through; nobody goes there unless he wants to. It makes for a very stable citizenry and a brand of summer visitor whose loyalty is quietly fanatical.

Door County's geography has given it this advantage ever since the first summer people began coming up from Chicago on the plodding steamers of the Goodrich Line. It is a peninsula jutting about sixty miles out into Lake Michigan from the Wisconsin shore, and tapering to a craggy point at Gills Rock. Beyond is a treacherous strait known as Death's Door—hence the name of the peninsula-county.

You sense the basic stability of Door County the moment you cross the bridge over the ship canal at Sturgeon Bay and head north. Houses are infrequent; woodlots of dark spruce are separated from clearings by old limestone walls. If you come in early summer, as we did, you'll find daisies and Indian paintbrush dotting the pastures and the roadsides. From a rise in the road you can glimpse Green Bay or Lake Michigan, depending on whether you take State Highway 42 or 57, and watch the gulls swoop inland to follow a farmer's harrow. And then you come upon the cherry orchards—thousands of acres of them in neat square plots. By the time you reach Gills Rock you will have passed a million pie-cherry trees, by official Chamber of Commerce estimate.

Highway 57 runs along the cool, wind-harried eastern shore. Its route is level, its towns open and braced against the pounding lake. Here, if you get up early enough, you can watch commercial fishermen unloading their catch.

←*The Sea Gull Fleet, at Ephraim*



← *Fisherman's pond net, Green Bay*

Highway 42 skips along the crest of a limestone bluff on the Green Bay side. At each of its snug little villages it dips down to bay level: Egg Harbor, named for a sham battle that ensued when a frolicsome excursion party discovered a cargo of raw eggs aboard . . . Fish Creek, where Asa Thorp cut cordwood for lake steamers in the 1850's . . . Ephraim, which will celebrate its centennial this year. Founded by the zealous Reverend Mr. Iverson, it has kept its traditions well. Until recently beer trucks were cordially invited to detour around it.

These are the towns of the big, rambling white-verandahed hotels whose hospitality goes back serenely for decades. The oldest is the Thorp in Fish Creek. It traces its origins back seventy-five years to the wife of Asa, the cordwood cutter. She kept a tiny inn adequate for the few travelers of her day. It was she, incidentally, who made a chamois money belt for her brother-in-law Levi when he left for the California gold fields. In it he brought back the \$5,000 in dust with which he built the mansion, "Cupola House," in Egg Harbor.

But most of Door County's vintage hotels got their start much as did the Liberty Park, in Sister Bay. Ethelyn Malmgren told us the story when we checked in. Her grandfather, Abraham Carlson, moved up here in 1898 in a pique at the Chicago El which had cut rudely across his neighborhood. From the window of the inn we could see the white three-story frame house he built, and we remarked about its narrowness. "Yes," said Ethelyn, "he wanted it just like the one in Chicago, and big enough to accommodate six grownup children and their wives."

Soon Abraham's upright figure and long flowing beard at the Sister Bay wharf became a familiar sight to steamer crews. Captains began suggesting to debarking passengers that maybe the Carlsons would put them up. In those days visitors arrived with huge round-topped trunks for a long summer of bathing and croquet. Fishing was popular; rowing was considered a manly sport; and on very hot days guests strolled into the woods to swing gently in hammocks.

There are more diversions for summer people now than in Abraham Carlson's day. Newest is the Peninsula Festival: eight concerts by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Thor Johnson. For years the Peninsula Players

← *A fishing dock at Ellison Bay*



← *Pine cliff, near Gills Rock*

have performed in a wooded amphitheatre near Fish Creek, rendered mosquito-less by the same spray trucks that protect the million cherry trees. In the Door County Museum in Sturgeon Bay, ninety-year-old Henry Dankoler can tell you the peninsula's history from the moment Jean Nicolet laid eyes on it in 1634.

There are sailboat regattas on Green Bay, skippered impartially by second- and third-generation summer visitors and local boys. There are golf courses, tennis courts, riding stables. Charter boats rock at the wharves of Green Bay towns to take you deep-water fishing on the bay or lake, with catches guaranteed. For rough-weather fishing I recommend the Mink River, a cozy stream that rises in a spring-fed bog and flows a scant mile to Lake Michigan. Here are shelter from the wind, and a gentle current. Redwings call from reedy shores, and usually the bass are hungry.

You can't be around the northern tip of Door County very long without hearing about Grandpa and Grandma Seaquist. Like others of their day, Robert and Mary came to Wisconsin from Sweden as children. They grew up, married, took up a farm, raised a family, and lived a satisfying life. Both are gone now, but two stories about them persist which for me wrap up the appeal of Door County in a neat package.

When Grandpa Seaquist finally agreed to sell some of his farmland to summer people, he stipulated that no lot should be less than two hundred feet wide. "A city man is used to being all cramped up," he reasoned thoughtfully, "so when he comes to a place like this he needs a lot of space."

The story about Grandma Seaquist is as forthright as her own convictions. A neighbor came to see her one day with a thinly-contrived story about wanting to buy land for a friend. She fixed a stern eye on him.

"Who are you buying this for?" she demanded.

"Well, it's Clarence Darrow from Chicago. He—"

"I've heard all about Mr. Darrow," she interrupted. "He doesn't believe in God. And nobody who doesn't believe in God can buy an inch of Seaquist property."

An attitude like that will never spark much of a real estate boom. But it bespeaks the deep stability, in an unstable world, that keeps people coming back to Door County. ■

← *Fishermen's gear, Green Bay*



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Growing Spires of Rock

photographs by Lou Jacobs, Jr.

THE beauty of Crater Lake, and its unusual setting in a seemingly bottomless pit within the base of an extinct volcano, are sufficient to make it one of the scenic wonders of the world. Thus it perhaps overshadows other lesser known but not unimpressive creations of nature that are found nearby—such as the Pinnacles, shown here.

Crater Lake National Park, located in southern Oregon, is set on the crest of the Cascade Range, and centers about the remains of volcanic Mount Mazama. Destruction of this peak in prehistoric times left the giant container that is now Crater Lake. Overflowing lava, which had poured down across the countryside southeast of the mountain, has since been shaped by eroding water and wind into the strange formations that are called the Pinnacles.

Approaching the park from the east on State Route 232, one sees the first slender spires of carved pumice rock in the canyon of Wheeler Park, near the entrance. Farther on, in Sand Creek Canyon, and at Godfrey's Glen in Annie Creek Canyon, are more spires and fluted columns, some shaped like the pipes of a massive organ, others like sharply-pointed needles, all the work of time and the elements.

It is the Sand Creek Pinnacles which are pictured here. The view at upper left is from the bottom of the canyon where the spires present a striking skyscraper effect. Bits of lightweight volcanic rock, torn loose from the canyon floor by the fast moving stream, can be seen floating like corks on the surface of the water. It is an easy hike down into the canyon, but it is best to get advice first from the park rangers.

At lower left is a view of the Sand Creek Pinnacles from the road. Some of these spires rise to a height of two hundred feet above the canyon floor, and will continue to grow—not up, but down as the water wears into the creek bottom. ■



BLOCK ISLAND—

Timeless Colony in the Sea

story and paintings by Fred Zimmer

BLOCK ISLAND resists the encroachments of neon, popcorn, and the hot dog as proudly as it withstands the wind and waves that beat along its tall clay bluffs. Anchored firmly in the Atlantic off the coast of Rhode Island, it claims one of the few natural settings left along the eastern shore. Time and the hurried pace of life on the mainland have passed it by.

Yet the island is not entirely forgotten. Many may recognize it only as a name in a weather report: "from Eastport to Block Island . . . from Block Island to Cape Hatteras," but those who have discovered the real island and its people return to it summer after summer.

Block Island is shaped on the map like a blunt-nosed fish hovering at the entrance to Long Island Sound. On close examination, you find that it is about four miles wide and six miles long, and lies twelve miles south of the Rhode Island shore. During the summer it is tied to the mainland by a series of daily ferries from Providence, Newport, and Point Judith, Rhode Island, and from New London, Connecticut.

Taking the ferry to Block Island is like going to sea. The mainland soon fades, and as you approach the island its massive form sharpens into a series of hills, topped here and there by white buildings. The ferry moves into New Harbor, formerly a large quiet pond, that was connected to the sea sixty years ago. Pleasure craft of all sizes are grouped around the harbor, many of them from the mainland, some anchored in wait for early morning fishing in the bountiful waters.

When the ferry is secured, you drive off the dock into another era. The time could be 1900. There is a quiet, easy-going attitude, an unhurried atmosphere. The predominant sound comes from the fog horn at South Light, sending its

Above left: South Lighthouse and the Mohegan Bluffs.

Below left: Main Street, from a gift shop window.



←Old Harbor, the fishing center of Block Island.

traditional warning out to sea. The winding road takes you over gentle hills, past restaurants, old houses, hotels and cottages, across the island to the town of Block Island. The town spreads casually about Old Harbor which is the heart of the island and the center of its fishing industry.

For over three hundred years the sea has supported the island's economic life. Originally Block Island belonged to Massachusetts, but in 1660, sixteen men bought the island and with their families established an independent colony. Many descendants of these families still live on the island, and their continuing struggle against the sea has knit them closely together. There are no jails, which perhaps is a good sign of the islanders' faith in each other.

Block Island's rocks and reefs, and the treacherous fogs, tides and currents between the island and the coast, have wrecked countless ships. The most famous of local sea tragedies was the wrecking of the *Palatine*. According to legend, she had gone aground on the rocks during a storm. Only a few of the passengers were able to scramble ashore before a great fire swept the ship. But instead of burning and sinking into the sea, the survivors saw the flaming ship rise into the sky and with a graceful tack sail out of view. Authorities explained the fiery light as an optical phenomenon, but controversy over the phantom ship raged for years.

Another legend of the island concerns the Dancing Mortar. This mortar, a corn grinding device, was the property of a family well known for party-giving, and for living in a haunted house. During the height of an evening's entertainment, the mortar would tip slightly on its side and sway gently back and forth. Then it would rise about eighteen inches from the floor and dance a rhythmic quickstep or waltz. The dancing of the heavy stone occurred often enough to be fairly reliable in entertaining guests. One aged witness wrote: "La! Yes, I've hear'n tell about that mortar when I was a child; it was at that house of the old opium eater." But time has tempered the legends of the haunted house and the flaming ship.

As recently as the middle of the last century, mail arriving from the mainland was referred to as being "from America." Then during the last part of the century, the island suddenly boomed into a fashionable resort. It was billed as the "Ber-

←Ocean View Hotel, product of the Victorian Age.



← *Multicolored clay bluffs, eroded by countless storms.*

muda of the North," and many large hotels were built in the prevailing Victorian style, with elaborate wood decorations and mansard roofs. Visitors arriving on the ferries were taken to their hotels in brightly painted, horse-drawn carriages. Attached to the hotels were long porches where the guests could sit in rocking chairs and view the sweep of the Atlantic. Pleasure fishing became popular, which was something new for islanders dependent on the sea.

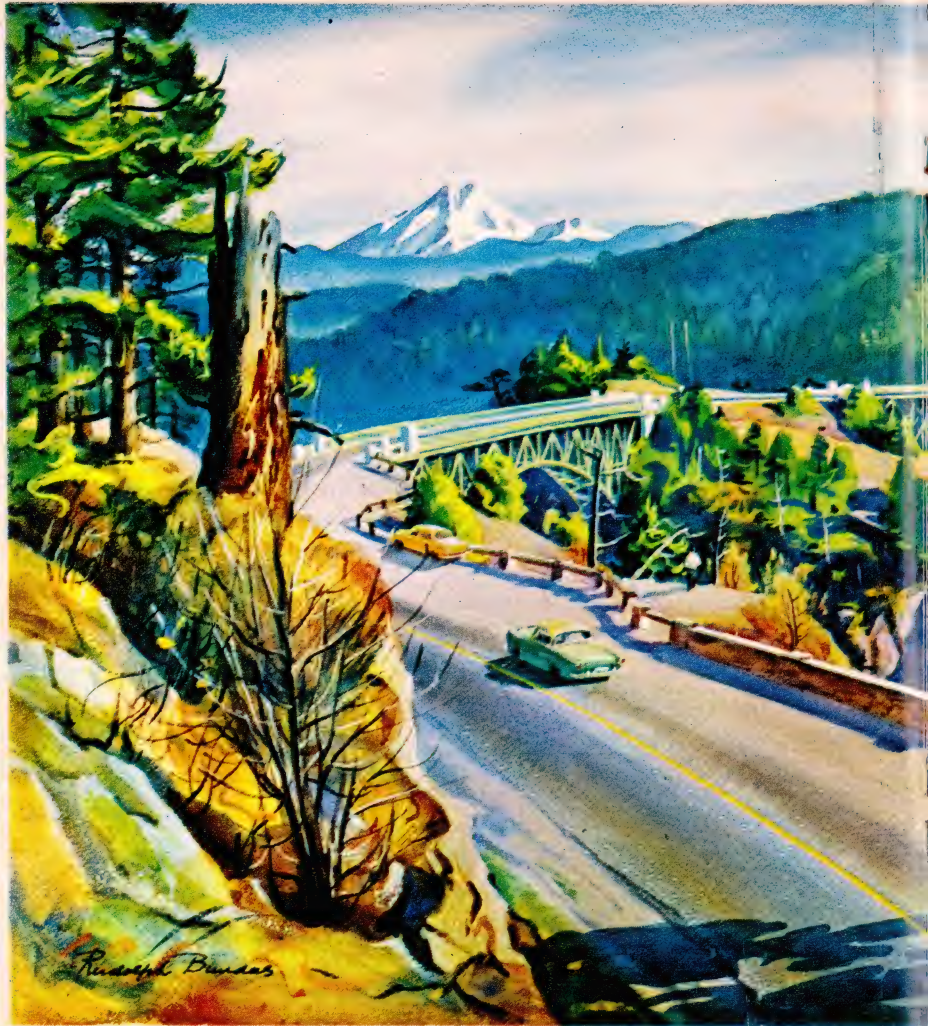
Then the flourishing resort went into a gradual decline with the changing times. The hotels, beaches, gift shops, and fishing still attract summer visitors, but they are the same hotels, houses and stores which greeted newcomers sixty years ago. The population remains at around eight hundred, as it was in 1800. A few modern conveniences have been added here and there, but even television antennae seem to be discreetly missing. Several antique automobiles do the job of delivering groceries, chickens, milk, or luggage around the island. This is what is really unique about Block Island—the small town life of an easy-going day that has all but vanished.

There are other attractions, however. Driving casually around the island you will come upon the spectacular Mohegan Bluffs topped by South Lighthouse, one of the most dramatic views along the eastern coast. Far below the multicolored clay bluffs the ocean swells break ceaselessly against the rocks. Houses perched close to the bluffs are firmly anchored to resist the battering winds, but remnants along the island's edge speak for past storms.

Toward the center of the island, there is a section reminiscent of Scotland. The barren fields are neatly lined with stone fences that wind up and over the rolling hills. Few of the fields are tilled; most are overgrown with bayberries, beach plums, wild roses, and honeysuckle. In pockets between the hills there are crystal-clear ponds with such varied names as Indian Head Neck, Trim's, and Chagum.

Because they enjoy Block Island as it is the islanders have resisted change. They are proud of their mild ocean climate, the tall clay bluffs, the bare sweep of hills, the beaches, and the clear blue water filled with endless varieties of fish. You can be assured these things will be unchanged when you visit Block Island, and when you return. ■

← *A nineteenth-century hotel, abandoned and overgrown.*



An American Road—in the Pacific Northwest

DECEPTION Pass Bridge, which links Whidbey and Fidalgo islands on the Washington coast, was the model Rudolph Bendas chose for his painting in the “American Road” series



commissioned by the **FORD TIMES**. It's beautiful and dramatic, and familiar to many travelers. The setting is typical of our ocean-going highways in the Pacific Northwest. Captain George Vancouver's expedition named the channel in 1792, when it was found not to be a closed harbor, as first thought. ■

Michigan's Outboard Marathon

by Stanley H. Brams

photographs by Virgil D. Haynes

THERE are longer outboard races, and rougher ones, with more twists and turns—and there might even be prettier courses. But if you put together a large measure of all these ingredients into one colorful, rip-roaring water contest, you would have a fair sample of the Top O'Michigan Marathon.

The racers who will line up for the eighty-seven-mile event, on August 9, will face challenges that have made the Top O'Michigan an attraction for "kickers" throughout the mid-west, and an enticement for tens of thousands of spectators.

The Marathon starts at Topinabee, a dot on the western shore of Mullett Lake, which is close to the tip of Michigan's Lower Peninsula. The course this year runs down the lake about six miles to Indian River, then through the placid winding four-mile link of the Indian River into Burt Lake, which is Mullett's twin to the west. The racers then speed twelve miles across Burt's southern rim into a vicious, narrow corkscrew named Crooked River—six miles of racer's nightmare with a channel only six feet wide at some points. Crooked River leads into Crooked Lake and a turnaround at its end, then back, past the starting point and up beyond the north end of Mullett into the Cheboygan River—and finally back again to Topinabee.

Eighty-seven miles of roaring, headlong, two-way traffic, much of it over fishing stream waterways normally traveled at five miles per hour, is covered in about three hours.

And the racing is not confined to the waterways. Of the 60,000 spectators at the 1952 race, many were determined to see action from a lot of places. At the start, cars were parked thickly along each side of U. S. 27 for the length of little Topinabee. Then, as the sound of the getaway gun died away,

*Above right: The sharpest turns are taken on the Crooked River.
Below right: Devil's Elbow is the scene of spills and sideswipes.*



In the clear, these racers speed across Burt Lake→

they raced for their cars and hurried eight miles down to the Indian River bridge. When the boats passed, they hastened south a few more miles, turned west on M-68 for Alanson and headed for the churned-up Crooked River portion of the course. Many brought their lunches and followed all three hours of the competition.

It's insidious, the grip the race can get on you. Last year a boat dealer watched the test runs and was fascinated. A new boat and motor had just arrived—he never did call the customer who ordered it. Instead he sped off on his own, but it was a bumpy race in 1952, harder than usual. In southern Mullet he swamped, and the boat went down in 105 feet of water. What did the customer say? The dealer has never told.

Only about half of the 198 starters finished last year. It was that rough. Many gave up when they ran into yard-high waves on Burt Lake. Someone always gets off course. Last year, sixteen-year-old Jim Boylan pointed too far north, couldn't find Crooked River and came ashore five miles overland from the starting point. He calmly walked across obscure country roads to Topinabee while a helicopter criss-crossed the course looking for him.

In 1950, many racers missed the Cheboygan River turnaround in fog and went right up to a dam occupied by anglers. The roaring motors coming out of the mist scared the day-lights out of the fishermen—and the fish, too.

Local entries are sputtering over the course weeks before the Marathon, trying out speeds on the curves. Two or three days before the race, the course is a madhouse of frothing, churning water and chattering propellers. In 1951 an entrant came in after a day's experimentation and announced:

"I've got it figured out, how to take Devil's Elbow wide open!"

But apparently he hadn't calculated on meeting another boat in the elbow. He wound up high and dry on the bank, disabled and out of the race.

Devil's Elbow is just what the name implies. As the course swings west from Burt Lake, the deep blue water shallows out, the reeds stick up in a rim where the beguiling mouth of Crooked River waits, deceptively placid. Beyond, a short way, that mouth narrows and twists venomously—first left, then

After the turn at Cheboygan comes the homestretch→



right—then left, right, and left again, all in a few hundred feet, and narrowing to six or eight feet in width!

What makes it bad is the two-way traffic. By the time the boats arrive at the Elbow the field is spread out. Some are returning while others are still entering the river, with every second precious. That's why there's a heavy crowd lining the marshy sides of Crooked River. Every wayward lane down to the stream is bordered with automobiles. Kids are perched on the roof of every car, river-edge boathouse and fishing shack. And some clamber down onto the supports of the two bridges at Alanson, squinting as the passing racers whip up a spray.

They call them "racers" on Marathon Day, but the boats and engines are standard craft in most respects. American Power Boat Association rules insist on that. Each class of boat (there are four classes—A and B start together, the bigger C and D groups go a half hour later) must meet specifications for size, power, weight, and capacity.

During the race, some of these factors may change. An average boat will pick up twenty pounds or so of unwanted weight—all water, although the average driver, meanwhile, is losing five to ten pounds. Drivers must be able to take the physical battering and bounce of the outboard movement, while using the weight of their bodies as counterbalance.

The drivers are both young and old. Bill Magel of Jackson, just eighteen, won last year's Class C event, though his father was less successful in Class A. Thirty-two-year-old Frank Huebner, of Bay City, was the sweepstakes winner—champion of all classes. Marilyn Donaldson, from Dayton, Ohio, a fourteen-year-old star winner of other races, represented the fair sex.

The Top O'Michigan Marathon is the child of many men, but Harold French of Indian River was a strong promoter from the start. Watching outboarders skitter along the river past his house, French began to dream five years ago about the benefits in fun, fellowship and tourist crowds that a big race would bring to his adopted countryside. Retired some years back, he began to devote his time to the project. He and a few other enthusiasts set up a course, and raised \$1200 in donations for prizes and expenses. The first race, in 1949, drew eighty-seven entries.

But as race day approached most of the people he had counted on were busy feeding, housing and otherwise supplying tourists—and business came ahead of running a race.

French and a small committee did most of the job, sweated through race day, and weakly went home, undaunted by the \$300 deficit that was their reward. The amateur promoters worked on through another year, and in 1950 received 113 entries. Yet the red figures grew to \$700—not real money, but enough to worry about.

By last year, however, things were changing. There was an estimated crowd of 60,000 along the course (twice the normal population of Cheboygan and Emmett counties) watching 198 entries. With sales of tickets, a bond drawing, and an A.P.B.A. sanction for the first time, the race paid its way and wiped out the earlier deficits.

From the excitement standpoint, the 1952 Marathon was a humdinger. Of 198 starters who were baffled by rough water, twisting turns and heavy traffic, half failed to finish.

This year, the field will lunge ahead for the fifth time, bigger than ever before. And late in the afternoon of the race, odds are a stray driver will pull up to watchers near the Crooked River and call across the water:

“Better send some patrol boats back—they’re piling up on every bank. And which way is it to Indian River?” ■

The first boats head from Burt Lake into the Crooked River.



Ol' Man Opera

by Robert Hodesh

paintings by Bill Moss

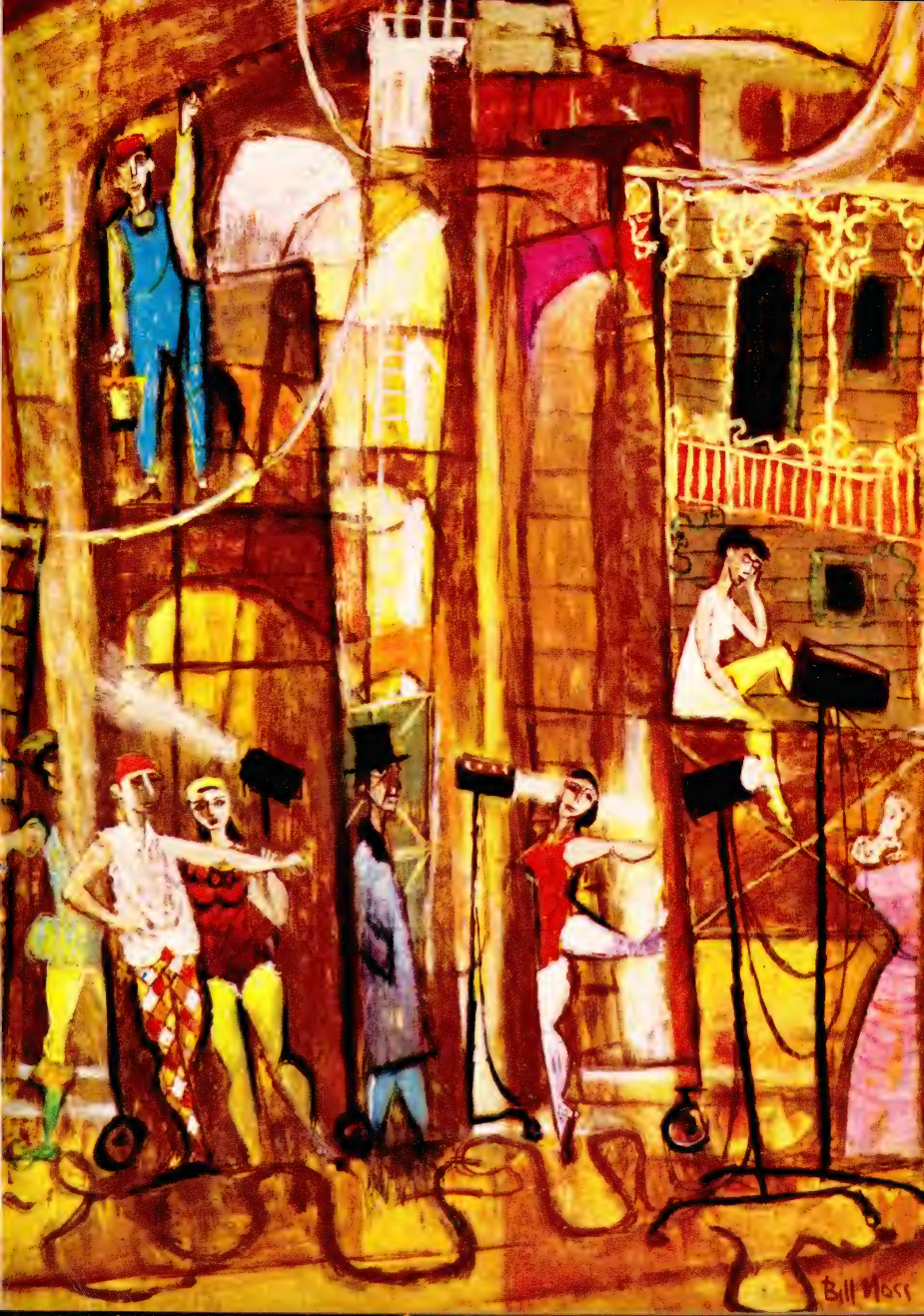
VISITORS from New England pay St. Louis, home of the Municipal Opera, the supreme compliment of saying, "There's something here that reminds me of Boston." Visitors from the South say it has a touch of New Orleans. Visitors from the West admit that a San Franciscan wouldn't be homesick here.

There are a number of historical reasons why St. Louis has friends everywhere, but none of them is any more important than the fact that this is a great big garden of a city which seems, when viewed from a distance or a height, to rise out of bowers of trees. And not satisfied with this much leafiness, the city has given over nearly all of its west side to the fourteen hundred beautifully landscaped acres of Forest Park.

Sooner or later the summer visitor, even if he's here for only a day, gets to Forest Park. It has a great art museum, a famous zoo, and one of the most successful musical organizations in the country—the Municipal Opera, known to all St. Louisans as "Mun Opera" because they attend it often enough and are so proud of it that they call it by its nickname.

This year the Opera is celebrating its thirty-fifth summer of providing splendid outdoor musical entertainment for St. Louis. There isn't an older al fresco opera in the country. It's doubtful if there is a lovelier one. The huge stage was built around living trees, so that every set of each opera has the advantage of two huge flanking oaks, elms, privet hedges, and some small cottonwood trees. It's a stage designer's dream. The settings are larger than could ever be accommodated in an indoor theatre, and when they roll the *Cotton Blossom* onstage from the wings during "Show Boat," and there is a real moon overhead that looks as if P. T. Barnum dreamed it up,

An impression of the Municipal Opera of St. Louis, backstage→



Bill Moss

A composite of various stage activities, seen from in front→

you have the making of a very pleasant evening in the summer.

St. Louis has always enjoyed the outdoors. A city with a strong German background, it used to have its open-air beer gardens, and when these passed on, the Opera, minus the beer, took its place. Eleven operas are presented each summer, from early June through late August, and, except for a rocky start, the venture has always paid for itself, thanks to the unflagging enthusiasm of the St. Louisans who have bought more than twenty-two million tickets since the first year.

One reason no grass has ever grown in the "Muny" box office is the wisdom of the directors who set a policy of light opera almost from the beginning. The Kerns, the Gershwins, the Herberts and the Berlins may not have set out to create immortal music when they wrote their operas, but the music has turned out to be immortal anyway. It is, in fact, the best light opera in the world—and Americans have always taken their light opera more seriously than their "serious" opera.

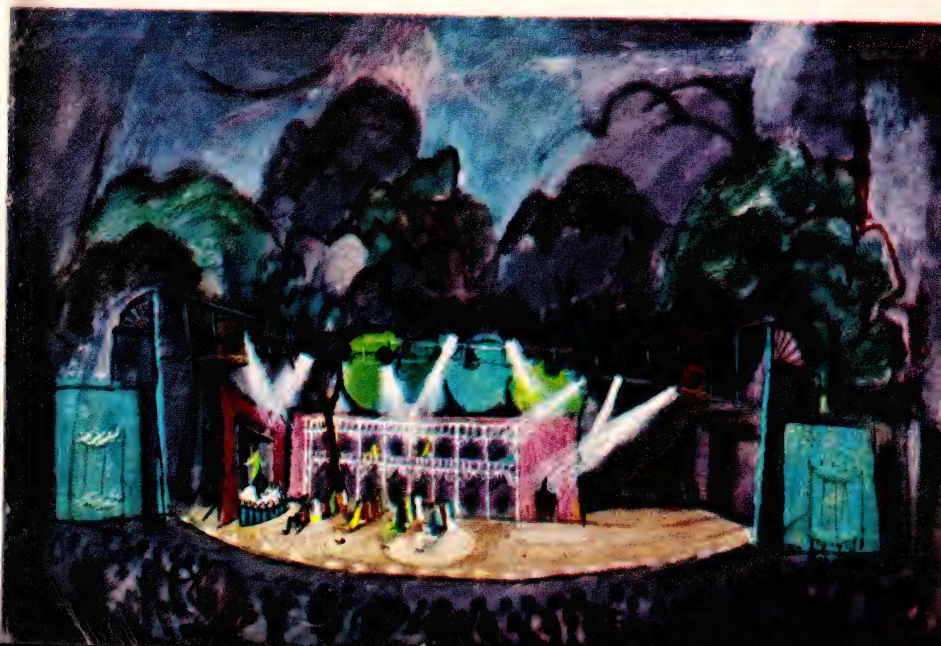
Although things are done with genuine grandeur on the stage, it is acceptable for the customers to enjoy the proceedings with their ties off. And if a St. Louisan happens to want to make an elegant evening of it, he can take a box down front. St. Louis, as a matter of fact, has never been short of true elegance.

While the Municipal Opera now has all the earmarks of solvency and artistic success, everything hasn't always been peaches and cream. Back in 1919 they were presenting "Robin Hood," one of the earliest productions. Suddenly a thunder shower struck and turned the normally polite River des Peres, which flowed close by, into a successful imitation of the Colorado. The water tore right across the stage, taking the kettledrums, longbows, green hunting costumes, and most of Sherwood Forest right down stream.

A few years later, St. Louis got even. The city floated a bond issue and used part of the money to banish the river underground. It hasn't been seen at the "Muny" since.

When the beer gardens with their yodelers and brass bands began to disappear from St. Louis, people thought the city would never again be fun in the summer. They were wrong, of course. After thirty-five years, Ol' Man Opera has just really started rolling.

A scene from "Show Boat," with the Cotton Blossom on stage→



Children's Fishing Rodeo

by Twila Carman

photographs by Paul S. Somogy

UNTIL 1948 the thrill of holding a fishing pole and watching for the bob of a cork was only hearsay to thousands of city children—as far removed as milking a cow or sliding down a haystack.

Since that year more than 10,000,000 boys and girls in the United States and Alaska have had that thrill and have learned the fundamentals of fishing besides, thanks to a group of men and women who formed Better Fishing, Incorporated.

It was in 1945 that these adults first became aware that fishing could build a kind of character and health provided by no other kind of recreation. It could be that these men and women looked back upon their own childhood and saw that their children were missing something vital to a well-rounded adult personality.

Study and research by mid-western colleges and veterans'

groups revealed a significant fact: the search for a pole, a treasure hunt for fishing worms, and a rummage through the tool shed for makeshift tackle put a child on his own and made him the happier for it. Furthermore, the fishing that followed instilled a feeling for conserving the natural resources; a child would remember a wide, shady spot in a stream, and the fish that he caught there.

Better Fishing, Incorporated, knew that children had not only wasted time and energy on some forms of recreation but many of their hobbies proved to be trivial, or even harmful. There was the child with an unrecognized case of rheumatic fever playing basketball and swimming, and boys with too much energy were toting too many toy guns.

This group of earnest people organized and incorporated under a non-profit law of Illinois, with

*Above right: The Fishing Rodeo in Canton's Crystal Park.
Below right: Eager anglers at Work House Pond, Canton.*



Patrolman William Moushey gives some pointers to Ronnie Kisela→

headquarters in Chicago, and contributions piled up a sum of money in the treasury of Better Fishing, Incorporated. Then they put their heads together for a way to teach man's oldest sport and mode of livelihood to youngsters.

The answer came in a simple game or contest known as a Fishing Rodeo. Somewhere in or near every city of over five thousand population there was a park pool or a stream that had fish or could be stocked.

But first, BFI drew up some airtight rules. The fete must be one of happiness for everyone concerned, therefore it must be highly supervised.

Safety became one of the first rules. No child under ten could register for a day of the sport unless accompanied by an adult over eighteen. Wading and swimming were forbidden.

Attention was to be paid to psychological factors: the youngsters must hook and land their fish without physical assistance in order to qualify for one of the many prizes furnished by BFI. This would give the youthful Izaak Waltons a feeling of accomplishment.

The city of Canton, Ohio, an industrial town of more than 130,000 people, is a good example of Fishing Rodeo enthusiasm. Boy Scout groups, Junior Rod and Gun Clubs, Girl Scouts, Firemen,

the Red Cross and other civic groups started to back a Fishing Rodeo for the first session in 1951. The sport is now held in every participating city on the fourth Saturday of August each year.

One month previous to this date, pools are restocked and registrations take place. Canton is fortunate in having fishing holes in both east and west sections of the town. The second year proved that the venture had been a success. Four hundred more participants showed up at registration booths than for the 1951 Rodeo. The young anglers wielded a veritable forest of cane poles as they approached the fishing spots. Although no bent pins were in evidence, tackle ranged from home-made outfits to expensive ready-made equipment.

Rules were followed meticulously; all poles were held upright to avoid accident until time to drop the lines into the water. It was noted in 1952 that five hundred boys at one site mysteriously consumed a thousand lunches prepared by Girl Scouts. Firemen and policemen drifted about to encourage the discouraged and applaud the successful. These men in uniform sat down patiently to free tangled lines.

Fish ranged in size from tiny one-inchers to two-and-one-half pounders. The biggest mystery of Canton's contest was why fish

While John Phelps fishes, brother Rickey confers with his dad→



should be hungrier at one pool than the other; one site netted 227 while another gave forth only seventeen.

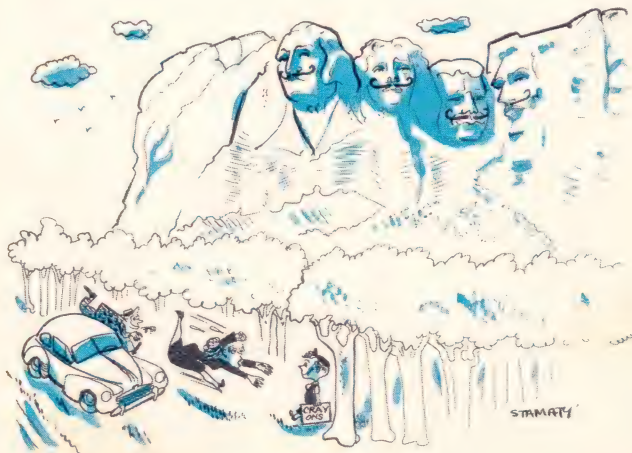
Mothers and fathers tried to assist their children and it was sometimes a tossup with the observer as to who may have enjoyed the outing the more. Some youngsters succumbed to the relaxation idea, much like the tired business man watching the wrinkled water to forget his cares. A Tom Sawyer here and there chewed upon a stick and waited with patience.

The Red Cross reported no serious accidents; just enough scratches were treated to make the day interesting, and two youngsters were taken to local hospitals to have treatment after having

fish hooks embedded in fingers. They returned to the scene of the sport. It was a hot day but everyone resisted the temptation to jump in for a swim.

Sponsors for the day's festivities handed out prizes for big fish, little fish, first fish and longest fish. They scratched their heads to determine winners in Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher costumes. But they agreed on the outcome—it had been a fine day.

Because of a simple game contrived by men and women who remembered a glorious childhood surrounded by nature's best, ten million children in America and Alaska today know the color of an angleworm and the tug of the fish that samples it.



"Tommy darling—where have you been?"



Ford Engines Groom the Roads

THOUSANDS of Ford industrial engines are at work throughout the United States today maintaining and repairing the vast network of highways that Henry Ford's assembly line mass production helped to bring about. The photograph above was taken in Washington, Kansas, and shows an Athey Force-Feed loader in operation on a black-top resurfacing program. This machine,

powered by a Ford V-8 100 hp industrial engine, was removing windrows of debris following the ripping up of the old road surface. The machine can load at up to 3.28 mph at an engine speed of 1450 rpm, and has a highway speed of up to 20.66 mph at 2400 rpm. Making five passes over one mile of this road, the loader removed all of the material in four days.



← *In order to exhibit a Master of Lore "degree" at the University of Wyoming, a student must climb Medicine Bow Peak—12,005 feet.*

"High Degrees" at the University of Wyoming

by Allan Carpenter

photographs by Forrest Yockey

LET'S suppose for a minute that you've decided to gain some extra credits by going to school in the summer. You've been leafing through the catalogs hoping to find a place where they don't distinguish too sharply between education and vacation. Suddenly your jaw falls. Here's a catalog that reads:

REQUIREMENTS FOR THE BACHELOR'S DEGREE

1. Identify five wild flowers.
2. Identify five kinds of trout.
3. Identify five wild animals.

REQUIREMENTS FOR THE MASTER'S DEGREE

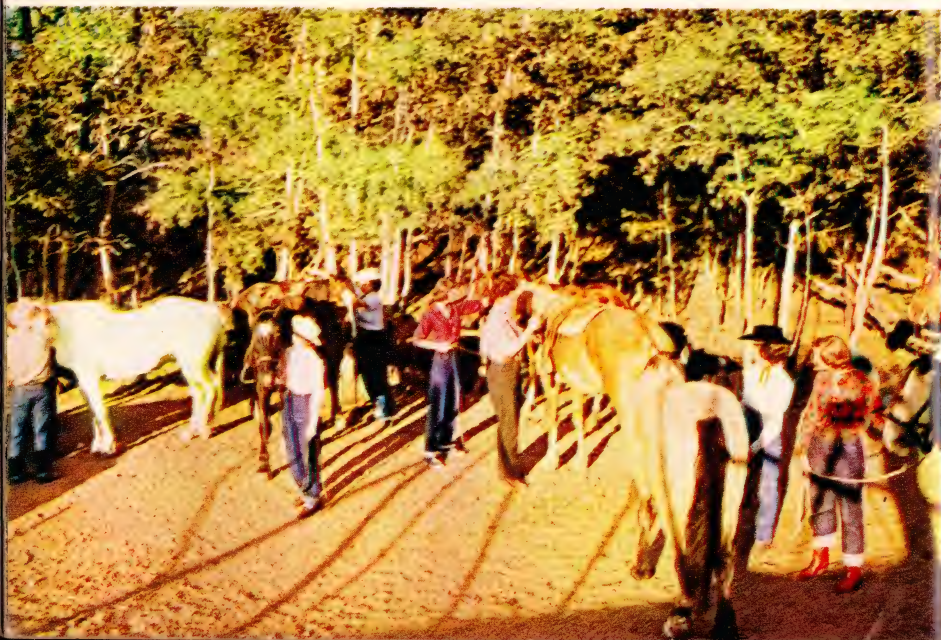
1. Catch a trout.
2. Climb Medicine Bow Peak.
3. Ride a horse.
4. Take an overnight camping trip in the mountains.

Unfortunately, the catalog doesn't exist, but the school and the degrees do. It all happens at the University of Wyoming at Laramie, where the young men and women enjoy a happy blend of fun and erudition.

This is a real university, mind you, with a reputation for scholarship and a firm emphasis on the traditional and durable aspects of learning—the books, the tests, and the midnight oil. But it seems that at Wyoming they also hold a high opinion of campfires, mountain hikes, fly rods and trout.

They wondered if they couldn't substitute a mountain, such as nearby Medicine Bow Peak, for the ivory tower, traditional symbol of lofty scholarship—and then try climbing it. They

← *Working on their Rocky Mountain "campus" on weekends, students identify a beaver's marks and note the effect on some aspens.*



← *When this student lifted a twelve-inch German Brown trout from the stream, she was well on the way to her "Master's."*

speculated that a keen student of biology would suffer no harm if he—or she—branched out into another kind of research in flies—let's say the effect of a black gnat with a hook attached during the evening rise on a trout stream. Figuratively and literally, the idea was to substitute the birch tree for the birch rod.

Reasoning that the students, many of whom are teachers or prospective teachers, would find the recreation program more persuasive if it were dressed in scholarly clothes, the originators decided to award "degrees"—Bachelor of Lore for those who pass the identification tests and Master of Lore for those who successfully meet the activity requirements. These are non-academic degrees, of course, but even though they don't count toward a negotiable sheepskin, they are sought after almost as eagerly by the summer students at Wyoming.

On a nice Saturday in summer, when a week of studying makes the students think they have cobwebs attached to their foreheads, a large chunk of the student body heads for the Snowy Range to work on Lore degrees. They drive upward on State Highway 130, past the columbines in the mountain meadows, toward a picnic ground within sight of Lake Marie.

What a campus! A million miles of blue sky, great quartzite cliffs, lakes that look like blue puddles, glaciers all around. In this setting the students spend a day or a weekend, living outdoors, broiling steaks on charcoal, casting for trout, searching for rare flowers, and generally reveling in the delicious knowledge that the halls of ivy were never like this.

Twice a summer, in a convocation that does not include academic robes or solemnity, the Bachelor and Master of Lore degrees are awarded to those who have qualified. Sometimes the ceremony takes place during the university's wild game steak fry, where as many as two thousand students and faculty members are served steaks this thick from bear, moose, antelope, deer, and elk. The Bachelors receive a boot-shaped silver pin; the Masters get one shaped like a longhorn steer head.

At the University of Wyoming, no sorority or fraternity pin is worn more proudly. ■

← *Among the requirements for a degree is proof that a student can wrangle, saddle, mount, and ride a pony "Western" style.*



Renovation for Liberty's Island

photograph by William Preston

NEARLY every American is familiar with the towering figure standing at the tip of a small island in New York Harbor. With her torch raised 305 feet above the water of the harbor, the Statue of Liberty has been an inspiring sight to countless travelers and homeward-bound citizens.

The name of Bedloe's Island, however, where the statue stands, is not so familiar, nor was its appearance, until recently, inspiring. The Island, twelve and one-half acres in area, has served at one time or another as a farm, smallpox station, quarantine station, dump, harbor-defense fort, signal corps radio station, military police post, and army base, and the debris from these various establishments was allowed to accumulate for two hundred years. Even the dedication of the statue in 1886 did not halt the creeping pile of rubbish.

The many millions of Americans who visited the shrine in past years well remember the rickety wooden wharf where the boat docked, the untidy cinder paths, the crumbling walls, eroded lawns, ancient buildings, and the junk that restricted them to the statue site at Fort Wood.

However, impressive changes have been made, the result of five years of intensive work and the expenditure of a million dollars. There is a new 180-foot concrete pier where the boat now docks, after a trip around the island giving passengers a good overall view of the statue. A new sea wall has been built and a new channel dredged. Terraced walks and lawns landscaped with hundreds of trees and shrubs have replaced the debris of ages, and a stone restaurant has been completed with an outdoor cafe where visitors can enjoy the fine view.

The Statue of Liberty is still the foremost tourist attraction in New York City. Despite her inaccessibility, some 600,000 persons will visit her this year. She costs \$90,000 a year to maintain, but in her frugal French way Miss Liberty will return \$30,000 of the money in concessionaire's fees. ■



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

The County Fair, Maine

Frozen Fruit Salad

4 ounces marshmallows, cut in pieces
1 cup fruit cocktail
12 apricot halves, cut in pieces
12 maraschino cherries, cut in pieces
3 slices pineapple, cut in pieces
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiled dressing
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipping cream, whipped
Dash of salt

Combine all ingredients and freeze in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator or in a deep freeze. Cut in squares and serve on lettuce with salad dressing. Serves 12.

For fifty years, before it was converted into a restaurant, this building was the location of a popular county fair. The dining room is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner from 8:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m., from May 25 to September 25. It is on U.S. 1, one mile east of Damariscotta. Overnight accommodations and vacation facilities.

←painting of The County Fair by F. Wenderoth Saunders

←painting of The Cotton Patch by Richard Brough

The Cotton Patch, Alabama

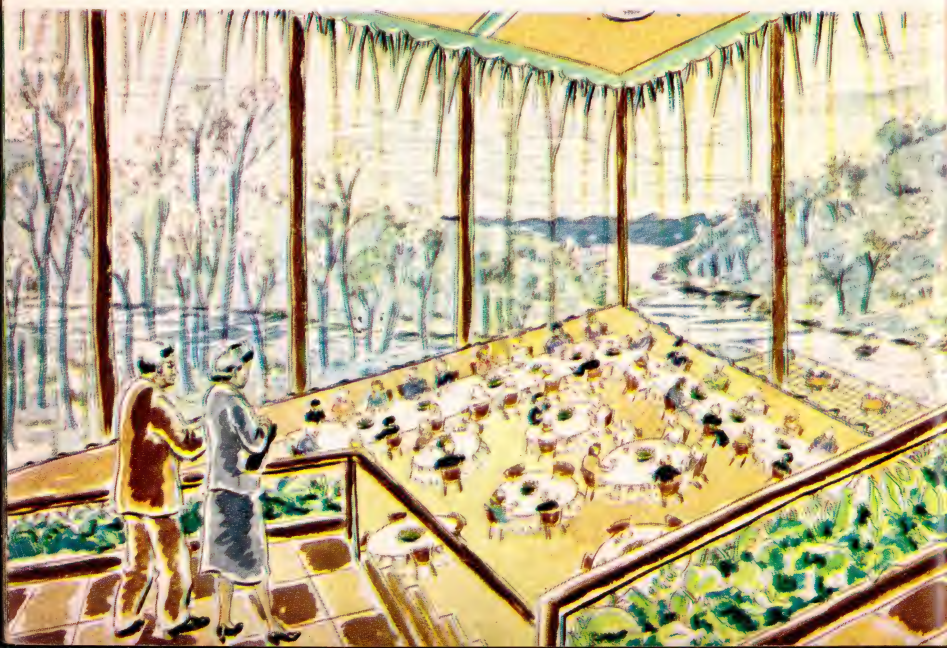
Watermelon Rind Pickle

2 quarts prepared rind
2 quarts lime water (1 teaspoon lime juice to 1 quart water)
4-6 cups sugar
1 quart water
1 quart vinegar
1 tablespoon whole allspice
1 tablespoon whole cloves
1 stick cinnamon
1 tablespoon ginger root

Trim green skin and pink flesh from rind. Cut in small pieces, a half inch or smaller. Soak in lime water for four hours. Drain and rinse thoroughly. Boil in clear water for one hour. Boil vinegar, sugar, water and spices together.

Add rind. Cook until tender and translucent. Add a jar of maraschino cherries, if desired. Pack pickles in hot jars and seal at once. Makes about 3 pints.

The Cotton Patch is more than a unique wayside restaurant. It is part of a thriving business consisting of a farm, dairy and restaurant run by Elisabeth Ward and Ruth Neilan. Dinner is served every day from 5:30 p.m. to midnight. It is three miles north of Eutaw on U.S. 11.



Sea Village Inn, Connecticut

Seafood En Sopeé

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound filet of sole
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound lobster meat
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound shrimp
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound scallops
1 pint milk
3 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons white wine
Chopped parsley
Toast points

Cut sole and lobster in one inch squares, cut shrimp in half. If sea scallops are used cut into quarters, bay scallops use whole. Place seafood in skillet with two tablespoons melted butter. Sauté slowly for 10 minutes, then let simmer. Warm milk in double boiler. Thicken with flour and light cream. Add one tablespoon butter, the salt and white

wine. Take off fire when sauce is a smooth creamy consistency. Place toast points on plates and top with sautéed seafood. Spread sauce on top and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Makes 4-6 portions.

Situated on Long Island Sound just a mile off U.S. 1 at 17 Hancox Street in Stonington, the Sea Village Inn is open every day for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Overnight accommodations and vacation facilities. Reservations necessary for rooms only.

← painting of Sea Village Inn by Revington Arthur

← painting of Montgomery Bell Inn by Frances M. Stephenson

Montgomery Bell Inn, Tennessee

Sweet Potato Delight

6 large yams
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound butter
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
3 cups orange juice
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped black walnuts
Marshmallows

Peel potatoes and slice crosswise. Cook until tender in as little water as possible. Drain water and whip potatoes until creamy. Add other ingredients and mix well. Place in baking dish and top with marshmallows. Brown in oven for about 10 minutes. Serve piping

hot. This recipe serves 12.

This inn, owned and operated by the State of Tennessee, is in Montgomery Bell State Park, about 36 miles west of Nashville and six miles east of Dickson on U.S. 70. It is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day. Overnight accommodations and vacation facilities.



The Crossroads Inn, Montana

Shrimp Fried Rice

- 1 cup green pepper, chopped fine
- 1/2 cup celery, chopped fine
- 3/4 cup onion, chopped fine
- 1 very small clove garlic, crushed
- 1/2 cup mushrooms
- 2 cups cooked shrimp, diced
- 4 cups cold cooked rice
- 4 tablespoons soya sauce
- 2 tablespoons pimento, chopped fine
- 5 tablespoons bacon fat or oil

Simmer celery, onion, green pepper and garlic in fat for five minutes, in a heavy 10-inch frying pan, stirring occasionally. Add shrimp and mushrooms and cook another three minutes. Then stir in rice, pimentos, and soya sauce. Cook over moderate flame, stirring occasionally until mixture is hot. Serve immediately. Makes six portions.

This friendly and informal inn, owned and operated by William Olsen, is so named because it is at the junction of U.S. 10 and 12, and is clearly visible from either highway, just before entering Miles City from the east. Open for dinner daily from 6:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m., and on Sundays from 5:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m. Reservations advised for the Sunday night buffet.

←painting of The Crossroads Inn by Jim Masterson

←painting of Open Range by Marjorie Heilman

Open Range Restaurant, Wyoming

Guacamole Dressing

- 1 medium avocado
- 1 small onion
- 1 cup pure mayonnaise
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- Dash of Tabasco
- 1/8 teaspoon powdered garlic
- 1/8 teaspoon Accent
- 1 drop green food coloring

Grind the avocado and onion into a mixing bowl. Add sugar, lemon juice and seasonings to this mixture. Stir, blending thoroughly. Add green color and mayonnaise and stir until smooth. Serve

on crisp lettuce or any green salad. This dressing is also delicious as a sauce for sea food cocktail.

The oldest restaurant in Jackson, the Open Range features a charcoal broiler in the dining room presided over by owner, Jack Moore. Open for lunch and dinner every day during the season. Closed from November 15 to May 15. On U.S. 89 and 187.

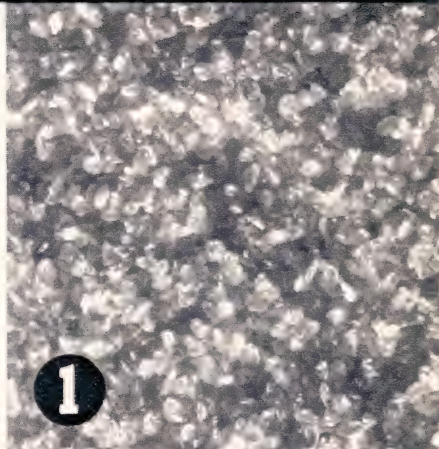
GAME SECTION

What Is It?

Can you guess what these objects are? Any or all of them might be found around your home. If they were pictured actual size you would guess them instantly.

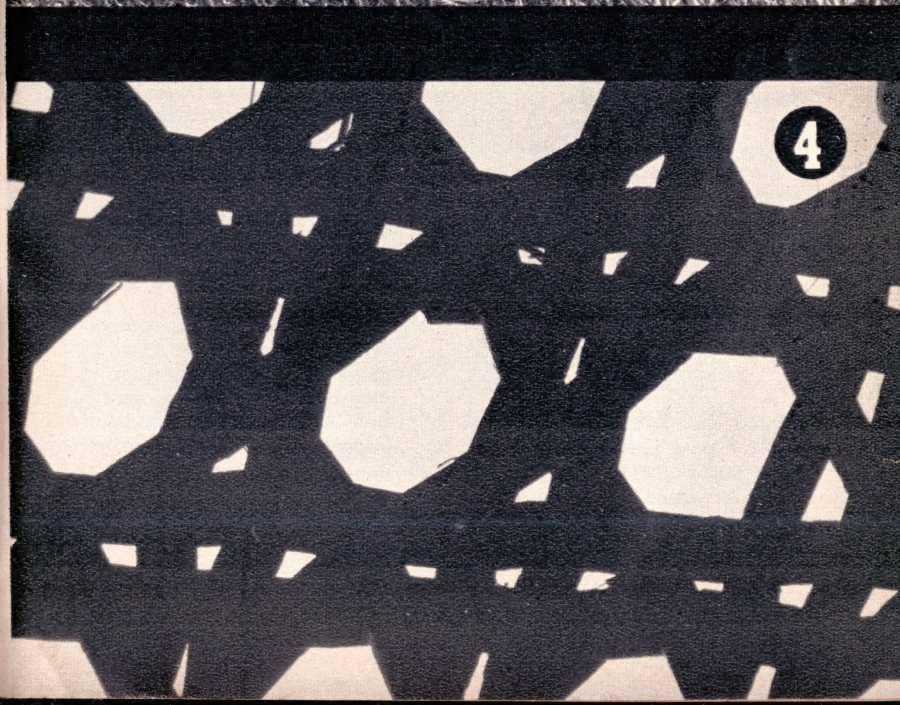
photos by Clyde McClary

1. Sandpaper
2. Metal hair brush bristles
3. Steel wool
4. Seat of woven cane chair





3



4

Letters



Dear Sirs: I am enclosing a picture that will be nice evidence that your magazine is welcomed and read

all over the world. I appreciate and treasure the FORD TIMES, and it makes me feel happy to know through its pages this wonderful land of the United States.

I had the volumes bound in red leather with the titles in gilt, and the model of the early Ford was made by my thirteen-year-old son, Mickey, who is extremely fond of mechanics.

MICHAEL SERRA CASSA
Barcelona, Spain

IT'S CROWN POINT, OREGON!

Dear Sirs: On page 65 of the April, 1953, FORD TIMES you placed Crown Point in Washington when it is, of course, in Oregon. Boy, are you going to catch it from your Oregon readers!

BILL BROWN
Selleck, Washington

Editors' note—We caught it, all right! Ever since the April issue hit the mails, Oregonians, former Oregonians and would-be Oregonians have been blistering us for giving away their scenery. We hereby apologize contritely, and print excerpts from a few of the more emphatic protests:

Dear Sirs: As a native Oregonian living in California, I say, "Shame on you!"

FLORENCE DORAN SOUTHALL
San Francisco, California

Dear Sirs: Every month I read the FORD TIMES from cover to cover and enjoy it very much. As a loyal Oregonian, however, I am writing to ask you to return Crown Point to Oregon where it belongs.

MRS. L. B. MCKINLEY
Sheridan, Oregon

Dear Sirs: I enjoy the FORD TIMES very much, but was surprised to learn Crown Point had moved over into Washington . . ."

FRANKLIN L. DAVENPORT
Provo, Utah

SHADES OF MARK TWAIN!

Dear Sirs: I read with great interest and pride the article on Cloquet, Minnesota. The point I wish to express is: I am the "late" Bill Delyea. Mr. Holbrook erred on that score. My many friends will wonder as to this fact. We enjoy your booklet very much.

BILL DELYEA
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

Dear Bill Delyea: Somebody in Cloquet did me wrong; I talked to so many oldtimers there who remembered you that I can't say who was in error. But no man could be happier than I to be wrong in this matter. I last saw you roll in Longview, Washington, in the mid-1920's, and have never forgotten your performance. I never wanted to get on a log again afterward.

STEWART HOLBROOK



photographs by Forrest Yockey

On weekends during the summer session, students from the University of Wyoming turn the flower-decked and glacier-etched high country of the Rockies into a campus as they study wildlife in order to earn the coveted Bachelor of Lore and Master of Lore "degrees." The setting is the Snowy Range, near the shores of Lake Marie, not far from Laramie. "'High Degrees' at the University of Wyoming," by Allan Carpenter (page 51), tells the story of an experiment in education that uses the fly rod as a substitute for the birch rod. ■

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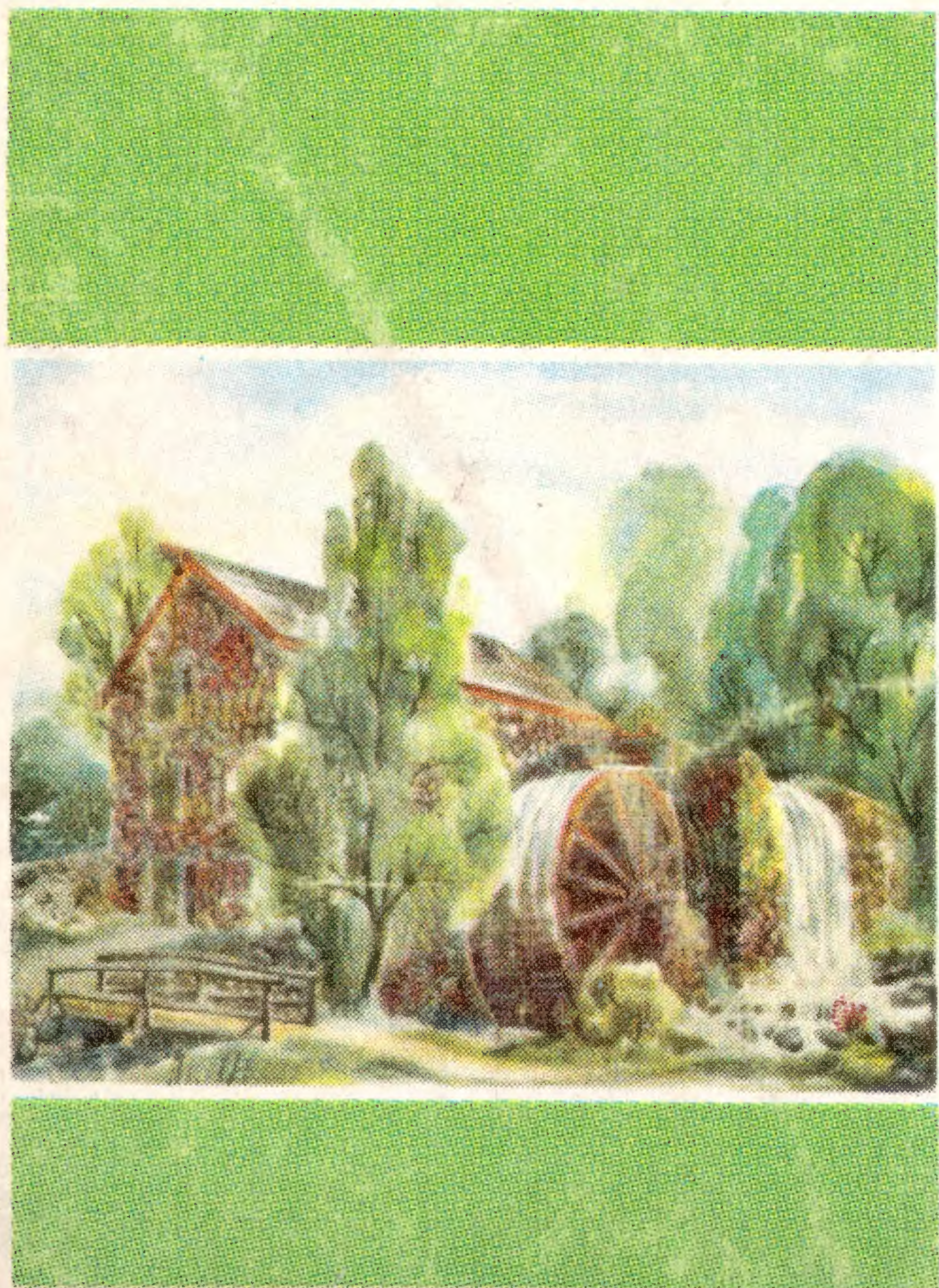
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Front cover—Along with the Wayside Inn at South Sudbury, Massachusetts, Henry Ford bought the nearby grist mill in 1923 as part of his program to preserve Americana that his own automobile age was making extinct. The painting is by Clarence Bagstad.

The Ford Times comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.